

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

Vol. III.]

HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1805.

[No. 5.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

From the *LITERARY WORKSHOP*.—No. 1.

Mr. ORLANDO,

YOU are requested to notify the public, that four gentlemen, literary labourers, have united their interests and bargained for a small apartment in the upper story of Minerva's Temple, which they denominate the *Literary Workshop*. There they intend to manufacture, and vend on the most moderate terms, a great variety of literary commodities, equally curious and useful. Their names are, *Will Serious*, *Tom Bookworm*, *Oliver Empiricus* and *Dick Ballad-maker*. To gratify the reader's curiosity, you may give him, not only the names of these labourers, but also a concise sketch of their biography.

Serious is a Calvanistic preacher. His father was a wealthy merchant. Successful in trade, he rose with rapidity from obscurity and indigence to the possession of immense riches. His sudden transition from poverty to opulence created in his bosom a spirit of pride and disdain, which bade him cast a contemptuous eye on all, who felt the "griping hand of want," or moved in the rear ranks of society.

Like the Ineas of the South, he regarded his own family as a privileged order of beings; and it was his perpetual remark, that his son, his only son, should have such an education, as would enable him to make a figure in the world. This education was every way defective. His child was nurtured from the cradle in idleness and excessive indulgence, and, in youth gave no omens of a useful manhood, or a happy old age. On his first entering school he displayed an unconquerable aversion to study. His whole attention was engrossed by glittering trifles, and at the early age of fourteen he assumed the airs of a polite gentleman, and was a fawning, frizle-haired, empty-headed beau. He was plentifully supplied with guineas, and furnished with a large, watch whose silver chain dangled to his knees. A glass of wine, a fegar and an obscene ballad afforded him more pleasure, than the elegant and sublime numbers of Virgil, or Homer.

His father supposing him a *vally* great scholar, once asked his instructor when he thought his son would be prepared for college. "Why, Sir," said the humorous teacher, "I cannot justly tell, but I believe he will be fitted about the time a peck measure will hold a half bushel." This satisfied the old gentleman, who, it is sufficient to say, knew enough to acquire property. He continued his boy at school, and by crowding, three or four years longer, comprised a half bushel into a peck, and the lad entered college. There he was soon distinguished for indolence and dissipation. In every scene of amusement, or roguery he was a noted actor. After being rusticated two or three times, degraded to a lower class, and improv-

ing a little in style, by writing public confessions of his ill conduct, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Now liberated from the fetters of college restraint, he gave unbounded freedom to his wildest desires. Involved in lawless pleasure, he was useless to the world, and the foo of his God. His days and nights were spent in gambling, riot and debauchery.—But at length, he was unexpectedly checked in the career of vice. One of his intimate associates was convicted of homicide, and expired on the gibbet. Others, worn out by illicit excess, fell unpitied victims at the altar of licentiousness. His father was assailed by a fatal disease, which humbled his haughty spirit, and obliged him to acknowledge, that his great riches were the fruit of dishonesty and extortion. He saw he had lived in vain, and was now hopeless of heaven. In the agonies of departing life, and with tears flowing from his eyes, he called to him his abandoned child, and urged him to an amendment of conduct. *Will* took the alarm and flew from the snares of destruction. His change from sin to strict virtue was so quick, that he often applied to himself, with a small alteration, the famed words of the Roman conqueror, "*veni, vidi, vici*"—"I came to my reation, I saw my corrupt habits, and conquered them." You now might have seen *him*, who once sported with the holiest things, fallen on his knees and pouring out the most ardent ejaculations to his God. He soon commenced preaching and has been the happy instrument of converting to religion many of his former companions. To paint human depravity in its most glowing colors, he has only to describe the enormity of those scenes, in which he once bore a principal part. He has reserved a portion of his time for his professional business; but, notwithstanding this, it is expected he will make a useful laborer in the *Literary Workshop*.

The remaining characters will be given in the next number.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TEMPERANCE.

Mr. ORLANDO,

If you think the following worthy of publication, please to insert it in the Tablet.

NOTHING contributes more to strengthen and preserve the faculties of the body and mind than temperance. It is the grand basis of national, as well as individual happiness, prosperity, & honor. Among the ancients, who were most remarkable for bravery and wisdom, temperance was regarded as a very important national virtue. By a strict attention to sobriety, they became grave and deliberate in their words and actions, and free from those pettulant disputes, which at the present time, frequently disturb the peace of individuals and societies. The effects resulting from a temperate course of life are almost inestimable. Excellence in any laudable pursuit, without an attachment to temperance,

is unattainable. For who is endowed with so bountiful a genius as to advance to eminence, when his mind is almost continually engaged in reveling and debauchery? The man of temperance, by a vivid and serene tone of mind, is able to draw from the purest fountains those exquisite and refined pleasures, which are unknown to the voluptuary. In a studious and sedentary life, improvement depends more upon a rigid adherence to temperance, than is generally imagined. The time squandered in dissipation is not only lost, but likewise the taste becomes vitiated and the mind estranged from that intense meditation, requisite for improvement in the solid sciences. It frequently happens, that persons, naturally of weak and feeble constitutions, by a temperate uniformity in their habits and manners of living, have acquired health to such a degree, that by moderate application to study, they have risen to greater eminence, than others, who are far more robust and hardy.—This is not owing so much to their superior natural capacity, as to a cause already assigned. Advancement in science depends not so much on the hours employed in reading, as on a uniform and sedate tone of mind prepared to improve. Should we derive nothing more from temperance, than the present enjoyment of health, it would be an object highly worthy our regard. But since so much respect to the aged, and admiration to the youth, are the result of temperance, together with the enjoyment of ourselves and the approbation of our God, ought we not to consider it as a source of the greatest happiness? Taking a view of the gay world, alas! how many youths of superior capacities do we find destroying their constitutions and all expectations of future usefulness, by a criminal neglect of temperance and regular habits.

Y. B.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

MR. ORLANDO,

Not feeling in a mood for writing, I send you a letter I lately received from a nephew, and my answer. If you think they will afford any amusement to your readers, you are at liberty to insert them in the *Literary Tablet*.

SENEX.

Honored Sir,

YOU are sensible I early had the misfortune to lose a most excellent father; but I have great cause of gratitude for the kind counsel and patronage you have afforded me. Impaled by your former kindnesses, I take the liberty to ask your sentiments, upon a subject, to me peculiarly interesting.

You are sensible I have so improved my small patrimony, as to be able decently to support a family. Believing that matrimony, if I make a suitable choice, will contribute to my happiness, I am determined upon trying the experiment.

There are two young ladies, of my acquaintance, both, on many accounts pleasing; and I have reason to believe my person is not disa-

THE LITERARY TABLET.

greeable to either.—I seriously think of paying my addresses to one, or the other, and am undetermined to which.—I will give the outlines of their property and character and ask your advice.

Cynthia has a decent fortune and is fair, divinely fair—she has received what is called a polite education—plays on several kinds of musical instruments to admiration—dances most gracefully, and appears to advantage, in a polite circle—she, however, has the misfortune of being an only daughter, and has been indulged in every caprice. Her mother, on many accounts, is an amiable woman; but has neglected to instruct her daughter, in the domestic concerns of a family, and has not educated her in the habits of industry. The young lady considers amusement as the business of life.

Almira has but a small patrimony to recommend her—She has not a regular set of features; but is favored with a most placid and expressive countenance, and benignity beams from her eyes—She has been so much in polite company as to appear graceful. Her modest reserve is peculiarly pleasing to all. Her excellent mother has educated her in the habits of piety, industry and economy, and she understands all kinds of business that fall within the province of a lady.

Now, honored Sir, to which of these young ladies shall I pay my addresses?—In giving me your sentiments, you will greatly oblige your dutiful nephew.

SIMONIDES.

Hon. PELEG SENEX, Esq.

THE ANSWER.

Dear Simonides,

YOU wish for my opinion upon a subject, to you, peculiarly interesting.—I will give you my sentiments, with the freedom of an old man, and the sincerity of a friend.—To the subject in hand, without the least ceremony. If you can obtain Almira, marry her,—but avoid Cynthia, as you wish for your own happiness.

By your account of Cynthia, she may render herself agreeable, in conversation, for an hour; but believe me; she will make a most uncomfortable companion for life.—You mention, she has been indulged in every caprice—She must still be indulged, or woe to her husband and family. Should she be contradicted in the least, or her will not be the law, rage will be depicted in her countenance, and the most virulent language will flow from her lips.

Should she fail, in this way, to carry her point, her next resort will be to tears and hysterics—And who can stand before the tears of a wife?—Should you marry, you may rationally expect a family of children; and what man of sense would wish a capricious woman to be the mother of his offspring?

You mention, Cynthia has a decent fortune. This you may think a circumstance in her favor—other things being equal, I grant it would be the case; but her fortune will never compensate for the vexation she will occasion you.

But should you give your heart and hand to Almira and make her the partner of your joys and sorrows, you may rationally expect she will contribute to your happiness, all your days, should her life be prolonged. Her amiable temper and deportment, her piety and her habits of industry, and economy, are the best

portion she can possibly bring you.—Take her with these qualifications, without a single cent of property, and you may rise in the world—be happy in your family—respected by your neighbours—and useful in life.

Thus, dear nephew, I have given you my sentiments, without the least reserve.—After mature deliberation, you will follow my advice, or not, as you think best.—Remember your happiness, for life, depends on the choice you make, of a bosom companion.

That in this, and in every important concern, you may conduct with prudence and discretion, is the ardent wish of,

Yours affectionately. SENEX.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

"Tempus celeriter fugit."

WHAT can give us a more striking idea of the celerity of time, than the recollection of our youthful sports? As it ought to be our principal study to employ our time in the service of God, and our fellow men, what can be more pleasing, than to indulge a moment in observing its rapidity?

In youth, how did we anticipate the time, when we should assume the form, and dignity of manhood? Whenever we read, or heard the exploits of heroes, we indulged a secret thought, that a few more revolving years would write our names with the pen of immortality upon a monument of imperishable adamant.

When we extended our imagination to the time, when we hoped the career of our glory would commence, how slowly crept the days, and months, and years?

But, when the time, which we anticipated arrived, those fair prospects, which once shone so splendidly, did not appear.

Those years, which we expected would be loaded with honor, distinction, and pleasure, brought nothing but trouble, want, and disappointment.

Looking back, time seems to have redoubled its rapidity, and to have hurried on that part of our lives, which we so fondly anticipated.

Had our existence commenced in the garden of Eden, and had we known that manhood would not have begun until this present time, should we have been prepared for it? or would there not be many things left unfinished?—And would not a retrospect of our lives have appeared like a phantom, which deludes our imagination for a moment, and then disappears?—But should our lives be prolonged, and we still delay and put off for the future, what may as well be performed to day, we shall, before we are aware, arrive upon that precipice of life, around which the storms of old age are continually beating, and from whose summit an eternity, an awful *eternity* is viewed.

OLIN.

SELECTIONS.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

(The following account of Sir Sidney Smith's escape from the Temple, a Paris prison, and from that fate, to which the revolutionary desperadoes would probably have consigned him, is copied from "The Stranger in France"—a work which has its finishing strokes from the hand of Cowper's elegant Biographer, William Hayley, Esq. We scarcely know a volume, of this kind of writing, which does more honor to its author, or more liberally rewards the reader for his trouble in perusing it.)

AFTER several months had rolled away, since the gates of his prison had first closed upon the British hero, he observed that a lady who lived in an upper apartment on the opposite side of the street seemed frequently to look towards that part of the prison in which he was confined. As often as he observed her, he played some tender air upon his flute, by which, and by imitating every motion which she made, he at length succeeded in fixing her attention upon him, and had the happiness of remarking that she occasionally observed him with a glass. One morning when he saw that she was looking attentively upon him in this manner, he tore a blank leaf from an old mass book which was lying in his cell, and with the foot of the chimney, contrived, by his finger, to describe upon it, in a large character, the letter A, which he held to the window to be viewed by his fair sympathizing observer. After gazing upon it for some little time, she nodded, to show that she understood what he meant, Sir Sidney then touched the top of the first bar of the grating of his window, which he wished her to consider as the representative of the letter A, the second B, and so on, until he had formed, from the top of the bars, a corresponding number of letters; and by touching the middle, and bottom parts of them, upon a line with each other, he easily, after having inculcated the first impression of his wishes, completed a telegraphic alphabet. The process of communication was, from its nature, very slow, but Sir Sidney had the happiness of observing, upon forming the first word, that this excellent being, who beamed before him like a guardian angel, seemed completely to comprehend it, which he expressed by an afferent movement of the head. Frequently obliged to desist from this tacit and tedious intercourse, from the dread of exciting the curiosity of the gaolers, or his fellow prisoners, who were permitted to walk before his window, Sir Sidney occupied several days in communicating to his unknown friend, his name and quality, and imploring her to procure some unsuspected royalist of consequence and address sufficient for the undertaking, to effect his escape; in the achievement of which he assured her, upon his word of honor, that whatever cost might be incurred, would be amply reimbursed, and that the bounty and gratitude of his country would nobly remunerate those who had the talent, and bravery to accomplish it. By the same means he enabled her to draw confidential and accredited bills, for considerable sums of money, for the promotion of the scheme, which he applied with the most perfect integrity. Colonel Phelipeaux was at this time at Paris; a military man of rank, and a secret royalist, most devoutly attached to the fortunes of the exiled family of France, and to those who supported their cause. He had been long endeavoring to bring to maturity, a plan for facilitating their restoration, but which the loyal adherent, from a series of untoward and uncontrollable circumstances, began to despair of accomplishing. The lovely deliverer of Sir Sidney, applied to this distinguished character, to whom she was known, and stated the singular correspondence which had taken place between herself and the heroic captive in the temple. Phelipeaux, who was acquainted with the fame of Sir Sidney, and chagrined at the failure of his former favorite scheme, embraced the present project with a sort of prophetic enthusiasm, by which he hoped to restore, to the British nation, one of her great-

est heroes, who, by his skill and valor, might once more impress the common enemy with dismay, augment the glory of his country, and cover himself with the laurels of future victory. Intelligent, active, cool, daring, and insinuating, colonel Phelipeaux immediately applied himself to bring to maturity, a plan at once suitable to his genius, and interesting to his wishes. To those whom it was necessary to employ upon the occasion, he contrived to unite one of the clerks of the minister of the police, who forged his signature with exact imitation, to an order for removing the body of Sir Sidney, from the Temple to the prison of the Conciergerie : after this was accomplished, on the day after that on which the inspector of gaols was to visit the Temple and Conciergerie, a ceremony, which is performed once a month in Paris, two gentlemen of tried courage and address, who were previously instructed by colonel Phelipeaux, disguised as officers of the marechaussee, presented themselves in a fiacre at the Temple, and demanded the delivery of Sir Sidney, at the same time showing the forged order for his removal. This the gaoler attentively perused and examined, as well as the minister's signature. Soon after the register of the prison informed Sir Sidney of the order of the directory, upon hearing which, he at first appeared to be a little disconcerted, upon which, the pseudo-officers gave him every assurance of the honor and mild intentions of the government towards him, Sir Sidney seemed more reconciled, packed up his clothes, took leave of his fellow prisoners, and distributed little tokens of his gratitude to those servants of the prison, from whom he had experienced indulgencies. Upon the eve of their departure, the register observed, that four of the prison guard should accompany them. This arrangement menaced the whole plan with immediate dissolution. The officers, without betraying the least emotion, acquiesced in the propriety of the measure, and gave orders for the men to be called out, when, as if recollecting the rank and honor of their illustrious prisoner, one of them addressed Sir Sidney, by saying, "citizen, you are a brave officer, give us "your parole, and there is no occasion for an "escort." Sir Sidney replied, that he would pledge his faith, as an officer, to accompany them, without resistance, wherever they chose to conduct him.

Not a look or movement betrayed the intention of the party. Every thing was cool, well-timed, and natural. They entered a fiacre, which, as is usual, was brought for the purpose of removing him, in which he found changes of clothes, false passports, and money. The coach moved with an accustomed pace, to the Faubourg St. Germain, where they alighted, and parted in different directions. Sir Sidney met colonel Phelipeaux at the appointed spot of rendezvous.

The project was so ably planned and conducted, that no one but the party concerned was acquainted with the escape, until near a month had elapsed, when the inspector paid his next periodical visit. What pen can describe the sensations of two such men as Sir Sidney and Phelipeaux, when they first beheld each other in safety? Heaven befriended the generous and gallant exploit. Sir Sidney and his noble friend, reached the French coast wholly unsuspected, and committing themselves to their God, and to the protective genius of brave men, put to sea in an open boat, and were soon afterwards discovered by an English cruising frigate, and brought in safety to the British shores.

HUMOROUS.

A very serious complaint was lodged a few days ago before a justice of the peace and one of the quorum, in a northern country, against a simple countryman, for having "damned the king." A warrant was accordingly issued, and the poor, trembling delinquent dragged before the bench, when the following interrogatories were put to him.

Justice—Harkee! you fellow; how came you wickedly and profanely to damn his most sacred Majesty?

Countryman—Lord! your worship, I did not know that the *King of Clubs* was *Defender of the faith*, or by my troth I would not a damned it.

Justice—King of Clubs! why you rebellious rascal, what, do you add insult to treason? Tell me what you mean?

Countryman—Mean your worship! why, you mun know that we was noine and noine, at whisk and swabbers; clubs was trumps. I had eace and queen i' my own hand—but as ill luck would ha't, our neighbor Tunumas clapt his king fmack upon moy queen, and by gadlin they taken the odd trick; so being well throttled with rage, your worship, I-I-I cry'd damn the king!

Justice—O! well if that's all thou mayst go about thy business; but see thou never does so again.

Countryman—God bless your honor, I wonna e'en curse a knave for fear it should offend your worship. [British paper.]

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

HOW irresistible is the power of conscience! It is a viper, which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us; it lies down with us, and stings us in our sleep; it rises with us, and preys upon our vitals.—Hence ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture, feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one to the throes of the other; supposing, at the same time, the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this enthrall to be most exquisitely sensible of pain, and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the most lingering, most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of the mind of Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following authenticated fact?

His neighbours seeing him one day extremely earnest in pulling down some birds nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraided him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that, by nesting so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality; he replied, that their voice was to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villany had been concealed many years, and never been suspected. In all probability it never would have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgment of it from the parricide's own mouth.

Bessus is not the only person who has stood self-convicted. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a circumstance, ma-

ny have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a refuge from the torments of conscience in death. What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence.

COMPENDIUM OF NEWS.

Elias Boudinot, Esq. of Elizabethtown, N. J. has lately given one thousand acres of Land in New-York State, to the College at Trenton.

[Con. Gaz.]

Education of the Deaf and Dumb.

There is at Kiel a seminary for the deaf and dumb, which merits the attention of persons of science. It was established a few years ago, and is under the direction of M. Pfingsten, formerly a drummer in one of the regiments.—What is more extraordinary is, that he has, without any assistance, invented his system of instruction for the deaf and dumb, which differs essentially from those of the Abbe de l'Eppe, and M. Sicard. M. P. has likewise invented a mode of conversing by means of feeling: by which the deaf and dumb may be made to understand in the dark. He has also contrived a Telegraph, at which they may be employed usefully for the State. [French paper.]

Farther valuable discovery of the utility of the Kine Pox—It is said that Dr. Jenner has satisfactorily ascertained the fact, that the children of parents who have had the Kine Pox, cannot receive the small pox. He has made the experiment on several children, and altogether without effect. [F. Muscum.]

In the Press and speedily will be published, by Hudson & Goodwin, *An Essay on the Divine Authority of the New-Testament*, by the Rev. David Boggs, an eminent Minister in England.—This work was written at the desire of the Missionary Society in London, to convince the Deists of Europe of the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. [Con. Cour.]

American Annals; or a chronological history of America from its discovery in 1492 to 1806, in two volumes. By Abiel Holmes, D. D. A. A. S. minister of the first church in Cambridge. Vol. I. comprising a period of two hundred years. Cambridge. Lately published by W. Hilliard. [M. Anthology.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A large number of papers have lately been communicated to the Editor for publication. Several are approved—the goodness of others will be tried by the *Fire Ordeal*.—N. *Antoinette*, and No. 2 from the 'Literary Workshop' shall appear in the next Tablet.

ERRATA. In the first col. of this No. 37th line from bot. for *Ineas*, read *Incas*. 6th line from bot. for *comprised*, read *comprised*.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following was written while on the ocean, to which it is addressed.]

STROPHE.

Smiling azure skirted Ocean!

Gently heaves thy billowy breast;

Dancing moon beams gild its motion,

All the welkin is at rest.

Tempted by thy bosom's curling,
Tempted by thy glassy ease—
Lo ! the fearless sail unfurling,
Gaily courts the fav'ring breeze.

ANTISTROPHE.

Oh beware the treach'rrous billow !
Cautious loose the flowing sail ;
Soon the wave shall be thy pillow ;
Soon thy shroud shall be the gale !

Cruel, gloomy, treach'rrous Ocean !
Whirlwinds waste on thee their breath ;
Lightnings gild thy fierce commotion,
And thy deep repose is death !

STROPHE.

Ruthless Ocean ! spare the lover
Forc'd by poverty to fly ;
Driv'n to other climes a rover,
Doom'd on other shores to sigh.

Julia saw the tear that started,
Mark'd the ling'ring step and flow ;
Wrung with anguish ; broken hearted,
Julia saw her Edwin go—

Heard the shout to weigh ascending,
Till in distance lost it died ;
Then to Heav'n in beauty bending,
" Oh protect my love" ! she sigh'd—

" Guide him o'er the waves' commotion,
Monarch of the trackless Main !
Never more to trust the Ocean,
Ne'er to fly these arms again.

Gentle be the gale that bears him !
Peaceful be the wafting wave !
He who from this bosom tears him,
Can alone my Edwin save."

ANTISTROPHE.

Gracious Heav'n ! around me gleaming
'Tis the lightning's fearful glare !
Faintly thro' the tempest screaming
'Tis the accent of despair !

On the cliff all Ocean rushing
To the clouds its bosom rears—
Lo ! amid the mighty crushing
A bark !—she sinks !—she disappears !

Wildest notes of horror mingle
With the thunders of the blast—
Now the cry grows faint and single—
Ev'ry hope of life is past !

Save, oh save the fated lover !
See him struggling for the shore !
Ah ! his head the surges cover—
—Hope and life and love are o'er.

STROPHE.

Sister ! plant the weeping willow ;
Not a foul shall tell the tale,
How he made his grave the billow,
How his shroud became the gale.

LODINUS.

EPODE.

BY SIR WM. JONES.

What power, beyond all powers elate,
Sustains this universal frame ?

THE LITERARY TABLET.

'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Ethereal space, or subtle flame ;
No ; 'tis one vast Eternal mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name.
He forms, pervades, directs the whole ;
Not like the microcosm's imag'd soul,
But provident of endless good,
By ways nor seen nor understood,
Which even his angels vainly might explore.
High their highest thoughts above
Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, Love,
Wrought in his heavenly essence, blaze and soar.
Mortals, who his glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him adore.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG,

Sung at the anniversary dinner of the Philadelphia Medical Society, February 15, 1805, by one of the members.

A fig for the doctor, who never will join
His good humor'd friends o'er a bottle of wine,
For, tho' he may know how to cure a disease,
I am sure he don't know what to do with his fees.

Apollo refuses protection to those,
Who to Venus and Bacchus have shewn themselves foes,
So that no one need hope much in physic to shine,
Unless he enliven his genius with wine.

Philosophers long have disputed in vain
To find how ideas are form'd in the brain,
They need not have puzzled their heads much
to find
How vastly good liquor enlivens the mind.

Cornaro, they tell us, was very well fed
With a glass of cold water, and crust of dry bread,
With Cornaro all those, who love water, may join,
But, for my part, contented I stick to my wine.

John Hunter has taught us there's life in the blood,
(A doctrine admitted, when well understood,)
But e'en if its dead, as a fact I maintain
That a bumper can quicken the blood in each vein.

Doctor Black, and the wise modern chemists declare,
That animal heat is deriv'd from the air,
While each jolly vot'rey at Bacchus's shrine
Well knows that its source is a bumper of wine.

Brown's excitement by whiskey was often increas'd,
But at length it wore out, and the doctor deceas'd ;
While Haller himself, who drank water alone,
Was tortur'd to death with the gout and the stone.

'Tis true I like bleeding, because I am sure
There are many diseases which bleeding can cure,
But the tapping a vein I with pleasure resign
For the pleasure of tapping a hogshead of wine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO MIRA,

(On her neglecting to write, as requested.)

DEAR MIRA, dost thou bear in mind
The favour, which I ask'd of thee ?
O write me, wilt thou be so kind,
An essay on sincerity ?

I yield, to thee, my time and care,
Hoping thy favour to obtain ;
And wilt thou not one moment spare
To gratify an honest swain ?

Or dost thou fear I should expose
The best of friends, which heav'n could give ?
Believe me ; sooner than disclose
Thy confidence, I'd cease to live.

'Why dost thou ask,' (my heart replies,)
'What she, each day, bestows on me,
'Each word, each action, and her eyes
'Are essays on sincerity.'

Those lovely beaming eyes, of thine,
Sure emblems of thy purity,
Have so enchain'd this heart, of mine,
That I resign it up to thee ;

And I conjure thee, by the joys
Which are, by virtuous souls possest,
To keep, with care, the panting prize ;
O let it in thy bosom rest.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Pleasant Hill, Oct. 1805.

HENRY'S FAREWELL.

Farewell ye fond scenes of my youth,
Ye joy-giving moments, adieu—
My Ann, 'tis a heart-rending truth,
That Henry is parted from you.

Not a beggar nor miscreant am I,
The world knows poor Henry too well ;
But my country am long doom'd to fly,
But not that dear birth-right to sell.

I've known and exper'ence has taught,
That Fortune, tho' partial will cheat ;
That if she be once fairly caught,
We know not how long she will greet.

Tho' still she should frown, "slipp'ry jade,"
And of me, dear Anna, make fun ;
Reposing in Heav'n undismay'd,
Perhaps I may smiling return.

Let hard-fisted fate now and then,
Give a blow and my bark overset ;
A due-bill to Death I will pen,
Ere Anna, dear Anna forgot.

Let a squall now and then cry, "my lad,
Come, come, let us now do our best"—
Old Boreas, o'ercome will run mad,
For with Anna I still may be blest.

Then adieu, ah ! adieu—not a tear nor a sigh,
For Henry when roving afar—
For "the sweet little cherub that fits upon high,
Will watch o'er the life of a tar."

HERMES.

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